

T H E

(3)

# INSTALMENT.

T O

The R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

## *Sir Robert Walpole,*

Knight of the Most Noble Order of  
the *Garter.*

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*Quæsita Meritis.*

Hor.

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By E. T O U N G, LL. D.

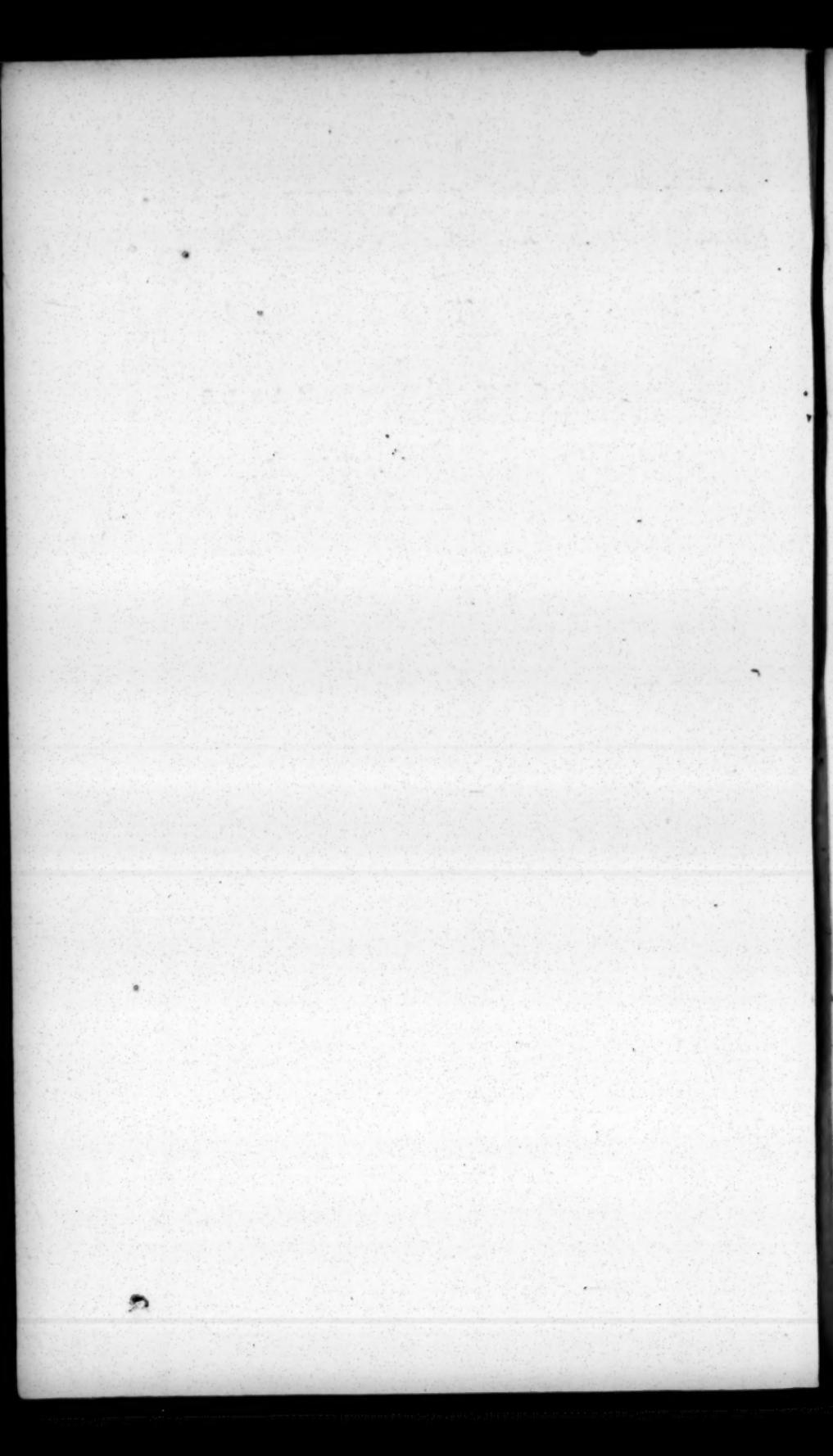
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D U B L I N :

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THE  
INSTALMENT.



ITH *Invocations* some their breasts in-  
flame;

I need no *Muse*, a **WALPOLE** is my *Theme*.

Ye mighty Dead! Ye Garter'd sons of *Praise*!

Our *Morning stars*! our *Boast* in *former* days!

Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,

Lur'd by the Pomp, of this distinguisht day,

Stoop, and Attend: by One, the *Knee* be bound;

One, throw the *Mantle*'s crimson folds around;

By That, the *Sword* on his proud *Thigh* be plact;

This, clasp the *Diamond-Girdle* round his *Waist*;

His Breast, with Rays, let just *Godolphin* spread ;  
 Wife *Burleigh* plant the Plumage on his Head ;  
 And *Edward* own, since first He fixt the Race,  
 None prest fair Glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty Genius forth  
 To wake a drooping age to godlike Worth,  
 Or aid some favourite King's illustrious Toil,  
 It bids his *Blood* with generous ardour boyl ;  
 His *Blood*, from Virtue's celebrated source,  
 Pour'd down the steep of Time, a lengthen'd course !  
 That men *parap'd* may just Attention pay,  
 Warn'd by the Dawn to mark the glorious Day,  
 When all the scatter'd Merits of his Line  
 Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, *Britain*, see thy *WALPOLE* shine from far,  
 His azure Ribbon, and his radiant Star ;  
 A Star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide,  
 Thy Vessel safe, thro' Fortune's roughest tyde.

If *Peace* still smiles, by *this*, shall *Commerce* steer  
 A finisht course, in triumph, round the Sphere ;

And

And gathering Tribute from each distant shore,

In *Britain's* lap, the world's Abundance pour.

If *War's* ordain'd, this Star shall dart its beams  
 Thro' that black Cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,  
 With thunder, form'd of *Brunswick's* Wrath, is sent  
 To *Claim* the Seas, and *Awe* the Continent :  
*This* shall direct it, where the Bolt to throw,  
 A Star for *Us*, a Comet to the *Foe*.

At this the Muse shall *Kindle*, and *Aspire* :

My breast, O *WALPOLE*, glows with grateful fire  
 The streams of Royal bounty, turn'd by Thee,  
 Refresh the dry domains of Poesy.  
 My fortune shews, when Arts are *WALPOLE's* care,  
 What slender worth forbids us to despair:  
 Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;  
 'Twas meant for *Merit*, tho' it fell on *Me*.

Since *Brunswick's* smile has authoriz'd my Muse,  
 Chast be her conduct, and sublime her views.  
 False praises are the Whoredoms of the pen,  
 Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men:

This

This Prophanation of celestial fire,  
 Makes Fools despise, what Wisemen should admire.  
 Let those I praise, to distant times be known,  
 Not by their *Author's* merit, but their *own*.  
 If others think the task is hard, to weed  
 From verse, rank Flattery's vivacious seed,  
 And rooted-deep ; one means *must* set them free ;  
 Patron ! and Patriot ! let them sing of Thee.

While vulgar Trees ignobler *Honours* wear,  
 Nor Those retain, when Winter chills the Year ;  
 The generous *Orange*, Favourite of the Sun,  
 With vigorous charms can *thro'* the Seasons run ;  
 Defies the Storm with her *tenacious* Green ;  
 And Flowers and Fruits in rival pomp are seen :  
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring ;  
 And midst their Sweets the *Feather'd* poets sing.

ON WALPOLE, thus, may pleas'd *Britannia* view  
 At once her Ornament, and Profit too ;  
 The *fruit* of Service, and the *bloom* of Fame,  
*Matur'd*, and gilded by the royal Beam.  
 He, when the niping Blasts of *Envy* rise,  
 Its Guilt can pity, and its Rage despise ;

Let fall no *Honours*, but securely Great  
 Unfaded holds the *Colour* of his Fate:  
 No Winter knows, tho' ruffling *Factions* press;  
 By wisdom deeply *Rooted* in Success:  
 \* One Glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd ;  
 And the charm'd Muses shelter in his *Shade*.

O How I long, enkindled by the Theme,  
 In deep Eternity to launch thy name!  
 Thy name in view, no Rights of Verse I plead,  
 But what chaste *Truth* indites, old *Time* shall read.

“ BEHOLD! a man of antient Faith, and Blood,  
 “ Which, soon, beat high for *arts*, and *publick-good* :  
 “ Whose Glory *great*, but *natural* appears,  
 “ The genuine Growth of *services* and *years* ;  
 “ No fuddain Exhalation drawn on high  
 “ And fondly gilt by partial Majesty :  
 “ One bearing greatest Toils, with greatest ease ;  
 “ One born to *serve* us, and yet born to *please* ;  
 “ Whom, while our Rights in equal scales he lays,  
 “ The Prince may *trust*, and yet the People *praise* ;  
 “ His Genius ardent, yet his Judgment clear,  
 “ His Tongue is flowing, and his Heart sincere,

“ His

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\* *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

“ His Council guides, his Temper chears our Isle,  
 “ And smiling, gives three Kingdoms cause to smile.

Joy then to *Britain*, blest with such a Son;  
 To *WALPOLE* Joy, by whom the *Prize* is won;  
 Who nobly-conscious *meets* the smiles of *Fate*;  
 True Greatness lies in daring to be Great.

Let *dastard Souls*, or *Affectation* run  
 To shades, nor wear bright Honours fairly won;  
 Such men prefer, misled by *false* applause,  
 The *Pride* of *modesty* to Virtue's cause.  
 Honours, which make the Face of Virtue fair,  
 'Tis Great to merit, and 'tis Wise to wear;  
 'Tis holding up the Prize to Publick view,  
 Confirms Grown Virtue, and inflames the New;  
 Heightens the Lustre of *our* age and clime,  
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for *future* Time.

**P R O U D** Chiefs alone, in fields of Slaughter fam'd,  
 Of old, this *azure bloom* of Glory claim'd.  
 As when stern *Ajax* pour'd a purple flood,  
 The *Violet* rose, fair Daughter of his blood.  
 Now rival *Wisdom* dares the Wreath divide,  
 And both *Minerva* rise in equal pride;

Proclaiming loud, a Monarch fills the Throne,  
Who shines Illustrious, not in Wars alone.

LET *Fame* look lovely in *Britannia's* eyes;  
They coldly court *Desert*, who *Fame* despise.  
For what's *Ambition*, but fair *Virtue's* *Sail*?  
And what *Applause*, but her propitious *Gale*?  
When fwell'd with *that*, she fleets before the wind  
To glorious aims, as to the *Port* design'd;  
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring *Oar*,  
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying *shore*,  
From her sublime Pursuits, or turn'd aside  
By *blasts* of *Envy*, or by *Fortune's* *tyde*:  
For One that has succeeded, Ten are lost,  
Of *equal* Talents, e'er they make the *Coast*.

THEN let *Renown* to Worth divine incite  
With all her beams, but throw those beams *aright*.  
Then Merit droops, and Genius downward *sidis*,  
When godlike Glory, like our Land, *descends*.  
*Custom*, the *Garter* long confin'd to *Few*;  
And gave to *Birth*, exalted *Virtue's* due:

W A L P O L E has thrown the proud Enclosure down ;  
 And high Desert *embraces* fair Renown,  
 Tho' *rival'd*, let the Peerage *smiling* see  
 Smiling, in Justice to their *own* Degree,)  
 This proud reward by Majesty bestow'd  
 On Worth like *that*, whence first the Peerage flow'd.  
 From frowns of Fate *Britannia's* bliss to guard  
 Let Subjects *merit*, and let Kings reward,  
 Gods are *most* Gods by *giving to excel* ;  
 And Kings most like them, by *rewarding well*.

T H O ' strong the twanging Nerve, and drawn aright,  
 Short is the winged Arrow's upward flight ;  
 But if an Eagle it transfix on high,  
 Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

T H U S while I sing Thee with unequal lays,  
 And wound perhaps that Worth I mean to praise ;  
 Yet I transcend my self, I rise in Fame,  
 Not lifted by my Genius, but my Theme.

No more: for in this dread suspence of Fate,  
Now Kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark Debate,  
Weigh Peace and War, now *Europe's* Eyes are bent  
On mighty *Brunswick*, for the Great event,  
*Brunswick* of Kings the Terror or Defence!  
Who dares detain *Thee* at a World's expence?

F I N I S.



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